

# SWEDISH EROTICA

SALE TO MINORS  
PROHIBITED

T.M.

A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE

THIS ISSUE!

LEE CARROLL  
&  
GEOFF

**SIZZLE**

THE SCREEN  
in their own

"PRIVATE  
SCREENING"  
(FILM #425)

— plus —

FILM #369  
GETTING DOWN  
TO BUSINESS

FILM #351  
WARM & WET

FILM #172  
WANTING CORDS

**A JOHN HOLMES  
EXCLUSIVE!**

Here's the word on  
the King of Porn!

**N**ot too many months ago a California professor achieved momentary notoriety. It was discovered that he was giving course credits to his students for performing certain sexual acts. Some of them we might not personally care to experience, being heterosexual in preference, but we have to applaud his basic premise. By stepping out of their previous sexual fetters his students were learning a great deal about how other people feel and think and react. They were experiencing the commonness of humanity, the great unifying truths basic to us all.

They were learning, for example, that in the natural state, unfettered by convention or taboos, the average, healthy young male will fuck anything with a hole the right size in it. (It was not that uncommon, in the days of plank fences and log cabins, for straying cocks to become entrapped in knotholes as their dimensions increased through stimulation.)

They were also gaining the vital knowledge that an amazingly wide variety of objects, organs and appendages can communicate in a stimulating manner with a lassie's snatch. As we are smarter than the other beasts, so are we more inventive in finding ways to please our sex organs.

What emerges from such research, personally pursued with course credits in mind, in that no amount of "civilization" can diminish by one iota the magnificent range of normal lust.

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FEBRUARY 1983



FILM #435: PRIVATE SCREENING



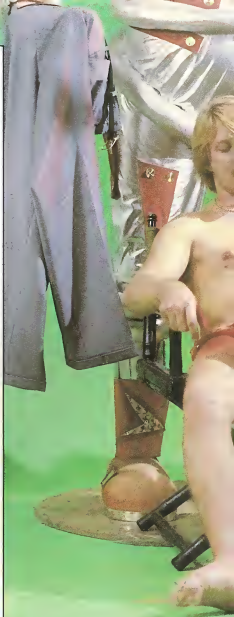
FILM #369: GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS



FILM #321: WARM & WET



FILM #179: WANTING CORDS



**FILM #425:  
PRIVATE  
SCREENING  
PART ONE**



**T**here are disadvantages to having a gorgeous model for a girlfriend, especially if you object to other men paying attention to her face and body. But since the other stud who was admiring Lee Carroll's attributes was the fashion photographer assigned to the shooting, all Geoff could do was wait patiently until the shooting session was over. Wait impatiently, that is, because as always the sight of all that juicy girl meat had him salivating in anticipation:

had his cock rising and hardening until it bulked huge inside his pants. Lee, who has an observant eye even while following the photographer's instructions and doing her best to be professional, noticed that bulge and smiled to herself in satisfaction. She knew what goodies were waiting for her inside his pants. She knew what was on Geoff's mind. Well, Geoff was going to get what he wanted, but not until there had been sufficient anticipatory fun and games to satisfy Lee.









The photographer finally fired his last flash, packed his camera and lights, got the release and left. Geoff's hands were all over her as soon as the door slammed behind the shutter jockey, who had delayed leaving as long as possible.

But Lee is no bitch. She sensed the mood Geoff was in, the frustrations that fed within him and did her best to relieve his tensions. She had his cock out as fast as she could unzip his pants.

Lee is not a biter. When really carried away, in the heat of the moment, she may nibble a bit, but she never bites. At least not enough to cause pain or draw blood. Maybe enough to provide the thrill of danger without the reality, something a few men get an extra charge from. Geoff was one such man so she let her teeth graze his cock gently once she had it in her mouth. As a reward for showing such desire for her she was going to reward him with an extra special blow job — and as a reward to herself, because he'd be a long time recovering from the effects. That time, if she had anything to say about it, would be spent lapping at her snatch, something Lee just adored.

She dreamed occasionally of finding a man who loved nothing else in life but eating pussy. Someone who would spend hours lapping at her, licking her clit, taking her to orgasm after orgasm until she begged him to stop. Since Lee had never experienced enough orgasms to totally satisfy her, not with any











man, it was an experience she really longed for. But in the absence of such a man she had Geoff and as men went he was plenty. His cunilapping was superlative and when they tucked he could keep going when the average stud would long since have wilted to uselessness — provided there had been a good blow job first to take the edge off his lust. Which was why she'd whisked his cock out, stripped off the rest of his clothing and led him to a comfortable chair where he could be at ease.

Now she applied herself to bringing Geoff pleasure. Herself, too, as she really enjoyed cock-

sucking. It was a power trip, a way in which she, a weak female, could reduce a muscular male to a quivering hunk of helpless flesh, totally at her mercy. The feel of a hard cock pumping its essence into her mouth gave her an enormous sense of person power.

The cock in her mouth seemed to quiver and pulse with energy as she worked on it. Not too fast, but sucking it in as deep as she could get it, tongue massaging softly on the sensitive tissues of its lower surface — and just the touch of her teeth. Whenever she sensed that he was about to come she slowed her sucking, bit a little harder to turn him off slightly

while the pressures in his balls built and built. She wouldn't let him come until he was ready to explode, until the pressures in his balls had almost reached the pain point.

Not until her mouth was tiring did Lee prepare to bring Geoff to the firing point. This time she did not bite, nor did she slow her pace. Instead she clamped her lips tighter around his cock, sucked him in even deeper, massaged harder with her tongue. His cock was ticking like a clock, his balls tightening under her hand, his body beginning to thrash. Then it came, hard, hot jets of pungent come.

•  
(Continued next month).

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a black bra and black underwear, stands in a room. Behind her is a white bookshelf filled with books and a white closet with dark doors. She is looking down and to her right. A yellow garment is draped over her left arm.

## A JOHN HOLMES EXCLUSIVE!

*Here's the word on the King of Porn!*

**A**s everyone who cares knows by now, John Holmes is free and clear of his ordeal: found innocent of the legal charges against him. Prior to his legal problems he had been planning to retire from making movies, the uncontested King of Porn. Now, John admits, he will have to make more films just to pay his attorney fees.

John assures all his friends and followers that his new films will be of the same high quality and hot, pounding action we have all come to expect, though he admits he would like to read some scripts that have a little more meat in them. (No, that isn't a pun.

You know what he means.) He insists he is ready to tackle more demanding roles, more developed parts, than those that made him famous.

Most everyone we talked with thought John's parts were pretty fully developed already, but who understands the creative needs of artists. (And that, of course, is a pun . . .)

**F**lo had heard such stories a hundred times in the past and she'd learned to take them with more than just a grain of salt. Vera was always bragging about her sexual conquests and, in her recitations, each stud she'd fucked became a sexual superman who could pump cock forever and who could eat pussy with a silver tongue. On Vera's

recommendation she'd dated a few of these cocksmen in the past and each time she'd been bitterly disappointed. The mighty dong became a cock of no more than average size. The most fearsome pussy lickster turned out to be a chap who didn't even know where or what a clit was. The tireless fucker was not much better than a premature ejaculator. So when Vera

suddenly became swoony about this new superman she'd met Flo was not in a believing mood. Fourteen inches of cock? "You must have been seeing double that night." Fucked you for an hour and twenty minutes? "Your watch must have stopped." "Licked your cunt until you came eleven times?" "Don't be silly, darling. You can't even count that high without taking off your

**FILM # 179:  
WANTING  
COEDS**

shoes."

But Vera was insistent that this time she had invented nothing. Sure, she'd exaggerated a few things in the past, what girl didn't? John Holmes (that was the new cocksman's name) was really something else. And if Flo really wanted proof that Vera was telling the truth, why didn't she agree to join the two of them the following night, when John was scheduled to come over and feed her some cock?

"You mean actually share a man, darling? The two of us together on the poor dear at the



same time? Even just for little old me it should be two men for one woman.

Or maybe three. The two of us will really destroy him."





"Not this one, Flo."

There was something about the expression on Vera's face that told Flo something remarkable was on the bill of fare.

Even before John stripped Flo knew that she'd made the right de-

cision about accepting the invitation. There was something lethal about the incredible bulk in John's pants. He smiled as he pulled them down and stepped out of them and Flo felt suddenly dizzy with excitement.













Cocks like that had previously existed only in her imagination. As her mouth slid around the head of it she trembled at the thought that soon this mighty male engine would be nestling inside her, tight up between her legs. Was there room enough in her cunt to take it all?

John came once in her mouth and again in Vera's as Flo watched in amazement. It was the first time anyone else, even Vera, had watched her suck a man off and the first time she had witnessed the act. And he didn't even get soft for a moment after coming!

Then, almost before

she knew what was happening, she was flat on her back with her feet in the air and her knees against her tits while a hulking **thing** pressed itself deeper and deeper into her. She was coming before it was half way in. It was so thick that it seemed about to burst her cunt. All the way in she was gasping and coming like an orgasm machine while a delighted Vera massaged the accessible parts of her body. When he began pumping it in and out her mind went away somewhere and all she could think was that Vera had been right after all. ●







**H**erb knew that he had the divorce wrapped up totally to his client's satisfaction. The judge had awarded her more alimony than she'd demanded and, not only was she getting all the community property, but her former husband had been ordered to show up regularly to mow the lawn and take out the garbage. It was the best settlement he'd ever gotten for a client and it

never occurred to him to wonder why the judge and Diane (his client) had been sequestered together for five hours while he questioned her on her work history. Herb guessed that the judge just wanted to do the right thing.

Herb was totally surprised when Diane yawned at the news, tossed the paperwork aside and then licked her lips as her eyes slid up and down his body.

**FILM #369:  
GETTING DOWN  
TO BUSINESS**



That was when he noticed that her dress was totally sheer and she wore nothing beneath it. He could actually see her pussy hair and her hard nipples. Hard nipples? Herb had read somewhere that hard nipples were a sign of arousal in a woman. Sort of like a hard cock on a man.

Herb's cock was suddenly hard.

Diane was licking her lips while reaching lan-

guidly for his pants and pulling down the zipper. Sticking her hand inside and feeling around. Pulling his cock out into the light and examining it with an appreciative expression. It suddenly dawned on Herb that Diane was not thinking of him in the normal client/attorney manner. He was still trying to make up his mind about her intentions when her mouth closed around the head of his cock while her

hands helped him out of his clothing. Eventually, Herb's instincts took over.

His first load spilled from her lips and dribbled down her chin until her tongue flicked out and licked it away. While waiting for his second to accumulate he found himself with his tongue deep between her thighs, tapping gently away at a little nubbin of flesh that seemed to almost vibrate against his tongue.





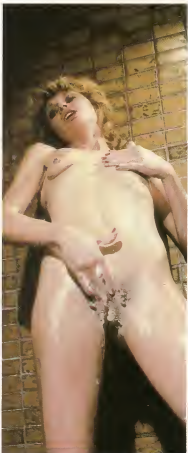




Finally, he was fucking her. Herb recognized the position as one he and his first wife had used several times and he remembered that it had been pleasurable. It was a pity that Lucy had divorced him, those things they occasionally did together were much fun and he'd wanted to do them on several occasions since the divorce but there'd been no one to do them with. Right now there was Diane, of course, but since they weren't married they'd probably do it only this once.

He hoped that Diane wouldn't think badly of him for this. He hadn't meant to take advantage of her. It had just happened. And gee, it would be awfully embarrassing to ask her for his fee after they'd been so friendly together. ●



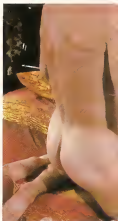
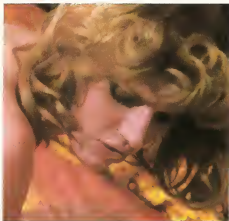


**FILM**  
**#351:**  
**WARM**  
**&**  
**WET**



Pete was having a wonderful dream in which he held Lola's warm body in his arms. Her thighs were tight around his waist and he was deep inside her, pumping them both slowly toward a mutual climax. He could feel her hands on his ass, pulling him closer, tighter, deeper, her fingernails leaving red wells in his flesh as she frantically dug at him. Her head was thrashing back and forth on the pillow and she was moaning in lust. His mouth, searching, found her ear and his tongue dug into it. Then he took her whole ear in his mouth and caressed it with his tongue, nibbled tenderly at it while she went wild with orgasmic delight — and then he eased into consciousness and found that his mouth was filled with the corner of his pillow and the bed was cold beside him. He could also hear the shower rushing in the bathroom and Lola's clear soprano raised in song above the noise of the water.


For Lola, it was a wonderful morning. Last night had been the first ever spent at Pete's pad — they'd fucked before, but swiftly in the back seat of his car, or at the beach where sand got into everything. But this time they'd spent a whole night in the same bed, fucking slowly for hours before sleep claimed them and it had been wonderful. And Pete had looked so enticing when she left the bed in the morning to shower. He was on his belly and his firm white ass was un-











covered. She shivered as she thought of the way it had moved up and down last night as he'd fucked her.

It would be nice if they could do it again before she left for her own apartment, but she supposed that after the exertions Pete had been through the night before he'd want nothing but

rest now. The few other men she'd known would have been half dead after a night like that.

But Pete was made of sterner stuff than the other men Lola had known. Before her hand could leave his cock it was swelling again, hardening again, filling her hand with masculine power. She marveled to

herself but said absolutely nothing as her legs spread wide and one arched over his shoulder. Her man was about to fuck her deep and hard and that was all that mattered. To hell with going home. Maybe she'd spend the rest of her life in Pete's bed. ●



# MAID IN JAPAN.



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*John Holmes*



### IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

- ▲ FILM #211: THE SCREAMER
- ◀ FILM #212: MOUTH FULL
- ▼ FILM #274: WATER & SPICE
- ▼ FILM #425: PRIVATE SCREENING PART TWO

**NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT!**

